

Afraid

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Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Angst, Angst and Fluff, Angst to Fluff, F/M, Fluff, M/M, after Pennywise and shit, and stan, but Georgie's dead I'm so so so so so sorry, eddies scared, i just want to give my baby Eddie a hug, it ends happy i swear, it is mentioned but not physically there, it's post movie, just plain scared, my boys are so pure, or anyone to give Eddie a hug, same w/ Georgie, stan Uris deserves so many hugs

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough- mentioned, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh- mentioned, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris- mentioned, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Afraid.

Eddie Kaspbrak was afraid.

Afraid

Author's Note:

I hope you enjoy this! I wrote this whole thing from 10:20pm-12:40am so it might be shit. But oh well

Afraid.

Eddie Kaspbrak is afraid.

All of his life he'd lived in Derry. Not a single thing nerved him about the small town other than, well... okay a lot of things about Derry nerved him. But they never left him gasping for any milligram of air if it could possibly help him breathe.

His summer was unexpected, to say the least. To say Eddie got 5 hours of sleep per night was an exaggeration, the telltale signs being the dark purple bags that lined his wide eyes. Some nights he didn't even try to sleep, just kept his eyes trained on the tree outside his window or the closet door he now started to leave wide open.

11 weeks. It's been 11 weeks since he, they, defeated It, but the worry still nagged at him like mites, clinging to him and slowly eating away at his fragile skin.

He'd stopped taking his meds those 11 weeks ago, the only thing he kept tucked in that black fanny pack was the light blue aspirator, asthma being one sickness he was positive he really had.

"I'm gonna kill you!"

He could still hear the vulgar words spill from his mouth. Vividly could he picture the black vile coating his porcelain bones, the anger he had once withheld bursting out like a single flame of a wildfire.

Brave

Ruthless

Loyal

Eddie was a lot of things. A lot of positive things. But, alas, it can't all be good.

Afraid

Eddie Kaspbrak was afraid.

11 weeks ago, the blood oath was done. The thought caused the boy to trace the jagged line on his palm with his pointer finger, dragging the pad of his finger against the still healing, raised, pink skin.

10 weeks ago, sitting at the edge of the quarry, looking as if he wanted to just disappear forever, Stan Uris was sat. The quarry was connected to a small cliff, the height of the drop just as high as the distance from the quarry to the body of water below. But there was no body of water below the cliffs edge, where Stan Uris looked just about ready to fling himself into the air, suspend through the wind as his final waking moments.

Eddie had walked over to the Loser, taking a tentative seat next to the boy.

"We lie best when we lie to ourselves."

He remembers Stan saying, the two looked over the cliff's edge.

"And I told myself I would be alright." Stan glanced over at Eddie, the proximity between the two was closer than they'd ever been before, but Stan's eyes couldn't have been more distant. "I lied to myself, Eddie. Because nowhere; here, heaven, or hell, have I ever been alright. But I believed myself. I believed myself for the longest time. Until I dug too deep, and realized the best lie I ever told was to myself. That I would be alright."

Eddie placed a gentle hand on his companion's shoulder, the ghost of a smile hesitant on his soft lips. "We lie best when we lie to ourselves, Stanley, and you might just be lying to yourself right now."

The two sat on the edge of that cliff, watching the stars for hours until the sun started to peak up behind the valley, hues of orange, pink, and blue slowly making the black of the night deteriorate into nothingness.

Eddie's large hazel-brown eyes flicker over to the record player that sat atop his desk, the stacks of records kept neatly in alphabetical order on the dark wood shelf he sat next to his desk. He smiled, remembering how Richie Tozier, the Trashmouth he dared to call his best friend, had sold a good half of his comic books in order to afford the contraption.

Eddie heard a knock on the fragile glass of his window, causing said boy to jump, burying himself into the duvet and covers that lay atop his mattress. His trembling form huddled in a ball under the soft brown wool, poking his head out of the side, just to be greeted with nothing but the wind swaying the branches of the oak tree side to side.

The boy grabbed the blue aspirator that lay on his bedside table, pressing down and taking in a puff of the sweet medicine as if it were ecstasy. He placed a record on the decent sized turntable, turning the volume knob down to as low as it could be in fear of waking Sonia Kaspbrak from her slumber on the reclining chair in the living room. He spent the rest of the night sprawled out atop of his sheets, staring blankly at the ceiling as Morrissey's voice bounced on the blank walls of the room.

The Losers were having a sleepover tonight, and Eddie had gotten not one ounce of rest the night before. It wasn't an uncommon occurrence, but tonight he had been praying for at least a decent hour of shut-eye.

Cancelling on a sleepover with the Losers, though, was something Eddie had only done once, when his mother refused to drop house arrest because of the common cold he had contracted (and had gotten over) at least a week before.

Throughout the day, though, instead of the usual bliss he felt before a sleepover with his best friends, all he had done was watch the summer wind blow through the tree leaves and children his age bike past his house, seemingly going nowhere, just out to enjoy the weather. When his watch beeped for the second time that day (the

first being a reminder for the medication he no longer took) he knew it was time to leave if he wanted to be at Bill's in time.

So he grabbed the black backpack that sat on the chair in front of his desk, throwing it against his back before ascending down the stairs of his small home.

He grunted some sort of farewell to his mother, not bothering to be formal this time, pushing open the front door. Clambering onto his bike, the small Kaspbrak rode his way to his best friend's house, shivering as he passed Neibolt, tears threatening to sting at the corners of his eyes, though he blamed it on the wind.

It was 2:37 in the morning, and everyone was asleep. Bill and Stan shared the former boys' bed, their bodies so close that if you confronted them about it once they woke, they'd shake their heads and quickly deny it ever happened. Mike slept peacefully in Georgie Denbrough's old twin bed that Bill refused to remove from the room. Ben and Beverly (who had come to visit for the weekend from Portland) were cuddled up on the floor between the foot of Bill's bed and his birch wood desk. In the corner of the room, two boys lay, one on their stomach, the other on their back. Richie drooled lightly onto the pillow he had brought from home, one arm strewn out hazardingly on the floor, the other behind his pillow, legs spread out and contorted in all different ways.

Against the wall, Eddie Kaspbrak lay on his back, once again staring at the ceiling, thoughts of greywater, clowns, lepers, broken arms and bullies flooding through his mind all at once. He felt as though he couldn't take it all anymore. He couldn't take himself anymore.

The thoughts were always barbaric at night, almost as if they were screaming at him, as if they were right there next to him. He could have sworn he saw a flash of a yellow raincoat bent down near a sewer on the way here. His heart wrenched at the sight of the paper boat Bill kept sat on his window ledge, looking out at the town.

Eddie glanced around the room, hearing the light snores eliciting

from Richie and the sighs and gusts of breath coming from the others. Tossing the light blanket he was draped in over to the side, the boy stretched his resting limbs, coming to a stand.

A smile whispered against his lips at the sight of his friends sound asleep, all of them looking much more peaceful when they're minds were at rest. The brunette walked over to the bedroom door, mentally high fiving himself when the door didn't creak as he pushed it open.

Once emerged in the hallway, Eddie pulled the door shut, making sure it was fully in the frame before letting go of the knob.

Tip-toeing down the Denbrough's stairs, Eddie caught sight of his black trainers laying next to the other shoes piled near the door.

Shoving the sneakers onto his feet, the boy slipped through the front door, knowing exactly where he was headed.

3:02 was what Bill's red alarm clock flashed at Beverly as she woke up. Deciding she might as well go grab a drink of water while she was up, she glanced around the room to see one loser missing. She recalled in her head where everyone was situated before they had all drifted off, trying to remember who had been slumped against the wall next to Richie. Eddie. She shrugged, figuring the boy went to use the bathroom as she got up from her blanket cocoon on the floor to grab a glass from the kitchen.

Her feet padded against the wooden steps as she made her way down to the bottom floor, noticing the front door was left unlocked. Beverly swore under her breath, glass of water forgotten as she hurriedly made her way back to Bill's room.

Shoving the door open with more force than before, she flicked the lights on and off, whisper-yelling for them to "get the fuck up before she grabs the pots and pans".

One by one the losers all woke up; Ben shooting into a sitting position seeing Bev's panicked face, Mike with an eyebrow raised, a

questioning glance being thrown her way. Bill rubbed at his eyes, giving Bev the same look Mike was wearing as Stan grumbled a “what the fuck, it’s too early for this shit”. It took a kick to the stomach from Beverly for Richie to wake up, the (almost) whole group throwing quizzical glances (or daggers, in Stan’s case) at the redhead who stood in the doorway.

“Eddie’s missing.”

3:30 in the morning should’ve felt like a weird time to be wide awake, but it was something Eddie had done many times in the past recently. He sat at the edge of the cliff next to the quarry, where he had found Stan 10 weeks prior.

The more he thought about it, the more he felt it was right that he was sat here, questioning to risk it all and end the pain and suffering. The more he thought about it, he realized the action would not only benefit himself, but his best friends as well. He was a burden, that’s for sure. He called Richie at ungodly hours of the night, telling him he couldn’t sleep and keeping the poor boy up just for him. No matter how many times Richie said he didn’t mind, he couldn’t help but feel like all Richie wanted was to put tape over his mouth and finally be able to sleep.

He was a pest, completely bothersome. He fretted about the tiniest things, harmful or not. He was a complete buzzkill. Sometimes, Eddie couldn’t help but think they just dragged him along so he wouldn’t be butthurt. Would his friends rather his mother put him on eternal house arrest like she’s always wanted?

He knew he was nowhere near valuable to the other Losers, so to hear the chorus of whizzing bikes through the quarry, the group of kids shouting his name in worried tones, he was beyond shocked. But he blocked it out after he heard a voice call his name the first time, his mind supplying that he probably just imagined it, because he wanted someone to care for him and love him. But who would? He was just... Eddie Kaspbrak.

“Eds?” Richie Tozier, clad in sweatpants and a faded Derry baseball t-

shirt, let his bike drop to the ground at the sight of his best friends sitting way too close to the edge of that damn cliff for his liking. "Eddie? Earth to Eds!"

Said boy jumped, whiplash bitching at him for turning his head too quickly. He looked at Richie incredulously, as if he'd never seen the boy before once in his life.

"Eddie, what the fuck are you doing?" And the boy in question came back to earth when he felt nimble, thin arms wrapping around his waist, both hands holding his back and pushing the smaller boy close. "Are you alright?"

Eddie just stared in front of him, allowing himself to melt into the embrace he was given. His eyes fluttered shut, his chin leaning against Richie's shoulder.

Bill, Stan, and Beverly crept up from some other path, spotting the two boys. Bev and Bill sighed in relief as Stan shook his head, speed slowly increasing the more he repeated the action. Bill glanced over at Stan, taking a double take as he saw the glossiness of his friends eyes.

"Wait St-tan, wh-what's w-wrong?" Bill threw a comforting arm around his friend's shoulder, Bev staring at the two with worried eyes.

"Eddie. He... he wouldn't." Bill and Beverly cast each other questioning looks, the sound of Richie cooing and whispering sweet nothings to Eddie being the only sound breaking the still tension Stan's words had caused.

"What do you mean, Stan?" Beverly supplied, placing a hand on the boys shoulder, her touch feather-light. He continued to shake his head, staring at the small boy- who was still in Richie's arms- in disbelief.

Bill guided the two away from Richie and Eddie, deciding that giving the two privacy would be best, and also to tell Ben and Mike that they had found their missing friend.

Richie kept rubbing Eddie's back, light, almost inaudible sobs coming from the small boy. Richie shushed him, pressing a kiss to the boys temple and continuing the circular motion on the boys back.

The sobs eliciting from Eddie slowly but surely came to a halt, until the boy was only slightly trembling in the other boy's' arms. "Now bub, would you like to tell me what the hell just happened?" Eddie smiled lightly at the mention of the short nickname. He couldn't remember when Richie started calling him that, but it was the only nickname he let Richie know he liked, and it wasn't used often, so when Richie said it, a warm flutter would erupt in the smaller boy's heart and stomach.

"I-I'm afraid, I guess." The fragment came out as nothing but a hushed whisper, but it was loud enough for Richie to hear.

"Well, about what?" He knew it was a stupid question, but what else was he supposed to do? The shock of seeing his best friend almost collapse into jello right in his arms still hadn't completely washed away.

Eddie sniffled, nuzzling his nose into Richie's neck. "Everything. IT, my mom, Bowers, Derry. You... you guys leaving me." The last bit was hushed, as if it were only a phantom of the sentence, but Richie, damn the son of a bitch, heard it all.

"What makes you think that, Eds! God, I wouldn't leave you even if the goddamn world was ending! 'Ow coul I leave mah ol' pal!" Slipping into one of his Voices in hopes it would make Eddie smile (which it totally did), Richie told him the honest truth, no one could ever separate him from his best friend. "Plus, if I let you go, your mom would be pretty fucking mad at me and then I wouldn't be in her room as often-"

"Beep beep Richie, you asshole. I hate you." Eddie stifled a smile, holding onto Richie tighter.

"No you don't." Richie grinned, running his hands through Eddie's hair (god, how the hell was it so soft?).

"No, I don't." Eddie smiled, closing his eyes contently as Richie

thread his fingers through his hair.

“Look at me, bub,” Richie pushed away from Eddie just enough to hook his first two fingers under said boy’s chin, slowly lifting his head to look at him. “We’re gonna drive away and try to keep smiling. Get a little rock and roll on the radio and go toward all the life there is with all the courage you can find and all the belief you can muster. Be true, be brave, stand.”

Wide brown eyes shining, Eddie smiled up at Richie, content with the atmosphere they were now surrounded by. Richie grinned back with that charmingly goofy grin, eyes shining just as bright. A burst of confidence flew through Eddie’s veins, causing the small brunette to launch himself up and capture Richie’s chapped lips with his own. By no means was the kiss perfect; Richie’s glasses were in the way and their teeth clashed when they first met, but it had its own special charm, making it perfect in their own eyes.

“Damn Kaspbrak! You kiss better than your mother!” Eddie punched Richie in the arm, laying his head against the other boy’s chest, listening to the slow rise and fall of his breathing. The soft noise lulled Eddie to sleep for the first time in weeks, 11 to be exact, leaning against Richie at the edge of the quarry, the moonlight washing over them.

Richie pressed a chaste kiss to the top of Eddie’s head, smiling against the smaller boy’s hair. “I love you, Bub.”

There were no good friends, no bad friends; only people you want, need to be with. People who build their houses in your heart. Eddie was still afraid, but now he had Richie (and the rest of the Losers) to hold his hand and be by his side along the way.

Author's Note:

I hope this was good! If you liked it, thank god cause my shit writing doesn’t usually appeal to anyone